

**Postcard from Prague, Written Right under
Charles' Bridge**

by

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There's something I need to share with you.
I just got out of Franz Kafka's Museum. The best part
was the File Cabinets corridor, a dark labyrinth
with dial telephones on stools, ringing in circles.

Absurdly, I felt as if I treaded on *your* maze.
I thought I heard your flickering heartbeat in the phone calls.
Kafka's fragmented quotes reminded me of
the poems you exile to your desktop's bin

and his sketches of rampaging scarecrows translated
what the Furies whisper to you. They called him, too, you know.
But Kafka trapped them, turned them into insects
and smashed them into his letters with the beak of his pen.

Put the knife back to the kitchen drawer
and come to Prague. You need to see this for yourself.

Poet's Note

The poem is written for my brother, with whom I traveled to Prague in October 2021. On the very first day of exploring the city, I insisted that we should visit Franz Kafka's Museum. It was only the last couple of years that my brother became interested in reading literature, his taste being limited to dystopian novels like George Orwell's *1984* and *Animal Farm*. Yet, knowing Kafka's literary style and the themes in his books, I felt that a visit to that museum would be a unique experience for him. After we got out and took a respite under Charles' Bridge, he confessed to me that he was looking forward to getting back to Greece and searching for Kafka's *The Trial*. He never told me where this surge of enthusiasm came from, but I think I always knew.